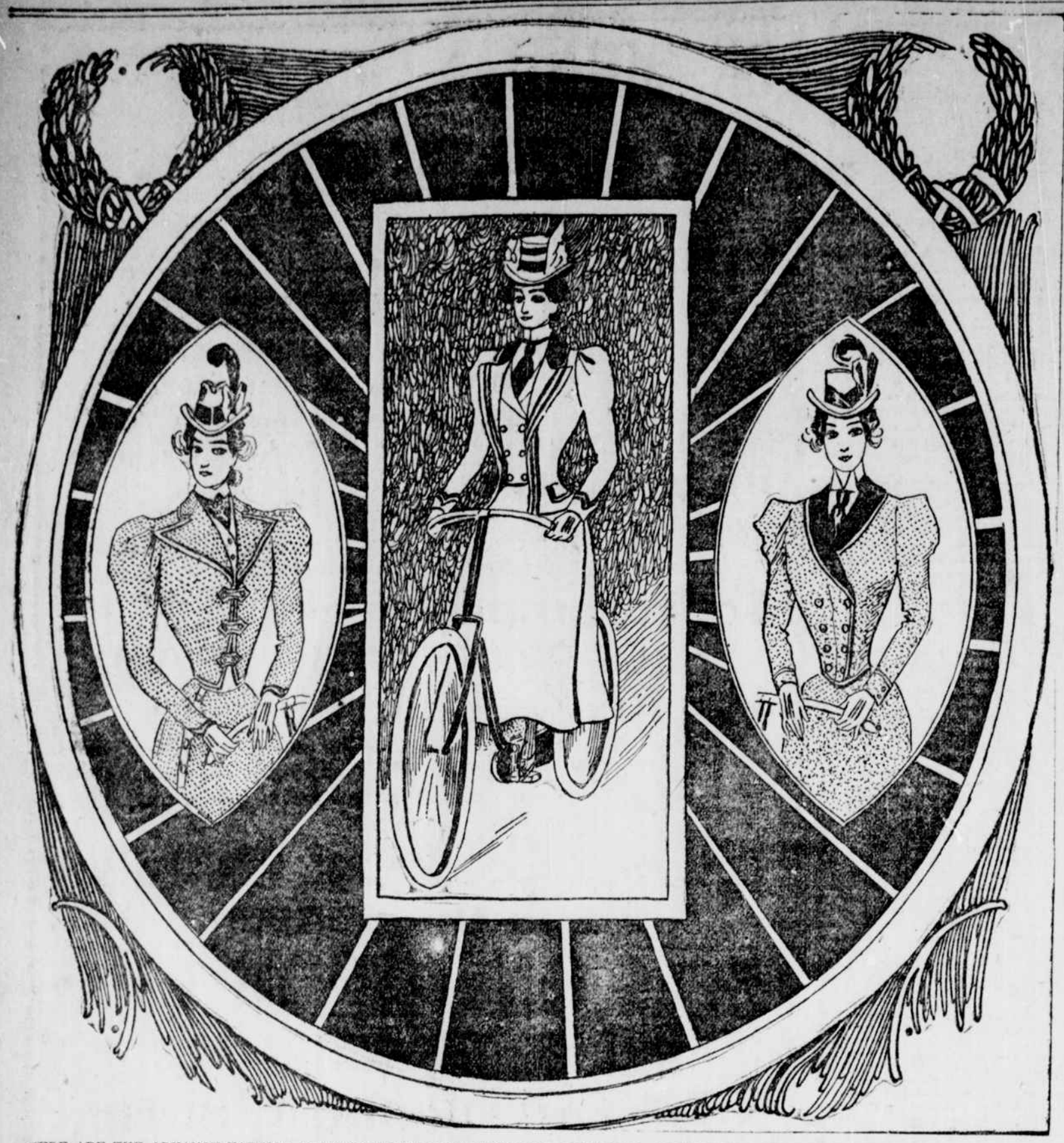

HERE ARE THE ADVANCE FASHION PLATES OF HER MOST FETCHING COSTUMES. FIRST PANEL SHOWS AN ATTRACTIVE CLOSED ETON. CENTRE PANEL HOLDS THE POPULAR VEST. THIRD PANEL SHOWS A CHIC TAILOR-MADE.

THE BICYCLE LASS.

WHAT SHE WILL WEAR AWHEEL IN THE COMING MONTHS.

FASHION IS A FAST PACEMAKER.

White Pique Will Be the Swell Thing for Bikers—Women Have Gone Silk Mad—Skirts With Godet Flutes.

NEW YORK, March 5.—There has been the keenest demand ever experienced for advance information of what will be worn awheel this spring.

The skirts of new 'cycling costumes are divided at the back only, or are circular, and the fulness set into godet flutes in the back. Those divided in the back have the front and sides flat and smooth over the front and sides. The circular skirts are designed in the same manner. The pocket hole is at one of the side seams. A pocket in the other side seam and a row of buttons on both improves the style of the costume. The bodices of these new suits comprise coats with fitted backs, blazer fronts, and low-cut vests, stopping at the waist-line. These vests are of contrasting cloth or of white pique. A white chemisette is worn with these vests, or a white cambric skirt. For coat without vests there are plaid and plain taffeta skirts, which give a touch of color to the dull-hued costumes. The jackets of some of these costumes are fitted, yet worn open. Blouse waists will be much worn in the country. The prettiest are left open a little in the front, showing a white chemisette. The edges of the blouse are held together by straps and buttons. For women with graceful figures the double-breasted tailor bodice, worn open over a linen chemisette, is to be the correct thing. Boleros and Eton jackets are also among the new models.

IN WHITE PIQUE.

For fair days in summer, however, the swell bicycle girl will bloom out in the glory of white pique. These pique suits will be tailor-made, with closed or divided skirts and the jackets cut in all the forms described above. The seams of the skirts, and the jackets as well, are marked by stitched bands of pique. White pearl buttons are the only ones allowed on these jaunty coats, which will be worn with black, gray, or navy cloth skirts. White linen suits will also be worn by 'cycle women. There is also a woollen pique, which is made up into wheeling suits for the mountains and seaside. All kinds of mixed and fancy cloths, as well as plain, will be worn. Ribbed velveteen will be also a favorite during the spring months. Small checks are passe.

An elegant costume for spring has just been made up for a young woman who prides herself on her stylish gowns for all occasions. The skirt is of black serge, longer than usual, following the English ideas in this respect. The short jacket is of white cloth, fitted to the figure, but worn open. The eight large pearl buttons down the front are merely for decoration. Either a plaited cambric or a silk skirt will be worn underneath with gros-grain belt and silver buckle.

SILK CAPES.

Silk capes are among the novelties which promise to be very successful. They are made of black taffeta, black satin duchesse, peau de soie, or better grades of black taffeta in conjunction with lace. The most attractive of these are ruffled like the model we illustrate. For plain capes ribbed goods, such as sicilliennes, bengalines, and ottomans are preferred. Jet and silk embroideries are used lavishly on the yokes of these little wraps, or as an entire covering, or outlining the edges.

PARASOLS TO BE GREATLY IN FAVOR.

Not only does every woman want to be silk-lined on these days, but she must use taffeta in every detail of her wardrobe where it is possible to introduce it. Fancy taffeta parasols are going to be the rage. The bolder the design, the more chic it will be considered. The plain coaching parasol is in the background this year and those of smooth type are likely to be unpopular. Hemstitched bands, rows and clusters of tucks, bands of gathered taffeta, inserted, bands of contrasting silk and shaded striped bands are for those parasols which have not brilliant plaids or crosswise stripes in the Roman designs. Plain glaces are tucked, chiffon are plaited, shirred and gathered over plain glaces or small broceded self-colored silks. Much satin-edged grenadine is used. One of the daintiest and most effective models is of surah, and has a fringed out flounce of the same. These fringed silk flounces are to be used on many articles of attire. This is the revival of a style of twenty years ago. Some of the canopy parasols have bright plaid ground and shirred bands of plain taffeta as trimming. Flat tops with cluster of five broad tucks of contrasting shades are very elegant.

THE MODIFIED BLOUSE.

Notwithstanding all predictions to the contrary, the blouse in a modified form continues to be fashionable. It has a snug back, a fitted side effect, and a slightly full or bloused centre. In other wards, the fulness that would be taken up in the darts of a fitted waist is left free and fulled into a belt. The yoke and vest effects were too becoming to be given up, and were not suitable with a bodice moulded to the figure. These waists may or may not have flat basques, as the wearer selects. Many of the basques are cut in tabs.

Redfern's latest creations have this fitted blouse with so little fulness in front that it has nearly the effect of a plain bodice. For women with a good figure, this is a welcome change. It is permissible where the figure is devoid of graceful outlines to retain the blouse effect of the past year to a degree.

A SPRING CAPE.

EMBROIDERED YOKE AND TAFFETA RUFFLES.

FROM WIGWAM TO PARLOR.

The Civilization of Mary Lincoln—An Oklahoma Indian Settlement.

(H. E. Candee in Evening Post.)

Ollin, the driver, refused to proceed. He was imbued with a dread of being "mired down," and we shared his fears after that last struggle through a sea of liquid clay, when the horses were lashed into a frenzy to keep them from sinking. We were entering the agency of one of the Indian reservations in Oklahoma.

"I'll take you all to the Eagle Hotel," said Ollin. "Tough place for women, but better than this," and he shivered as the icy wind chilled him.

No one greeted the three cramped travellers when we drove up—no eager host, no importunate bell-boy. The flat, inscrutable front of the two-story structure was inhospitably closed. Ollin threw open the small front door, and we entered directly into the living-room. Four young Indians gathered around a card-table continued their game after a glance of indifference; an old squaw edged nearer the stove, as though to jealously guard her place from usurpers, and through an open doorway we discerned a dark-hued siren combing her straight black hair. It was a hotel kept by Indians, and Indians were the only guests. Could there be a greater contrast to the wild isolation of an Indian's life on the plain, or a stronger example of the rapidity with which he is adopting the white man's methods? The pity of it is that with untrained discrimination he selects those features for emulation which are the faults of civilization. With thousands of acres at his disposal, he builds a narrow, two-story hotel, and crowds his fellows into it with metropolitan economy of space. The living-room is no more than a gambling resort—for the Indians are inveterate gamblers—and the dining-room is sought in moments of anger as a place where missiles are handy.

No word of English was spoken, although the young men at the table were graduates of Carlisle, and we turned appealingly towards Ollin.

"Mind what you say," he whispered. "They get mad awful easy, and they understand English just as well as you do."

We were shown to a room connecting with the living-room, but having no door, save a scant breadth of calico, which fluttered horizontally because of the wintry blast which blew through the sheathboards. The room was indescribable for untidiness, although the necessities of life were there, as well as decoration in the way of rattlesnake skins. More young Indians entered the outer room, and everything grew more sinister as twilight approached. The husband of the woman who kept the house at last appeared with an armful of wood. He was a gaunt, red Irishman, the only bit of cheerful color in the gloomy interior; but, alas, he was the worst of the lot, for his temper was as lurid as his hair, and at that moment it was intensified by drink. On his return to the kitchen we heard sounds of breaking china and women's screams. Without a word we seized our valises and fled into the dreary outdoors. Ollin followed, with awkward gait and indulgent grin.

"There's only one place you can try," he drawled. "That's Mary Lincoln's. She's an Indian, too, but she don't like to take people in."

Mary Lincoln did take us in, and not only that, she treated us with the royal hospitality of an Arab and kept us as her guests for several days. Her house would not have disgraced a New England farm of the better class. It was low and wide, with verandas on two sides, and a wide bay-window full of potted flowers. It stood in a grove of ornamental trees, surrounded by a picket fence, and behind were ample farm buildings, while beyond stretched the acres of her allotment. She stood in the doorway as we asked her for her hospitality, a woman of gracious but commanding presence, a mild light shining from her eyes, and a ready smile showing her pleasure. She was dressed with excessive care, and with as much regard for the mode of the moment as though her home was in a city instead of fifty miles from the nearest railroad.

Supper was served by a neat, little handmaid of white blood, and the cooking was delicious, the service being better than is found in most pretentious homes in the Territory. The family were all present—Mrs. Lincoln, her sister, her son (a little chap in sailor costume, just like any other boy), and a young daughter fresh from boarding school. After supper, all gathered in the sitting-room, which at first sight seemed to contain no clue to the savage origin of its mistress. The moquette carpet, the easy chairs, and reading-lamp, the upright piano, were such as any well-to-do family might possess. On a table stood a large Swiss music-box, across it a guitar, while near by were books and magazines; but the wandering eye caught on a shelf a view of ancient pistols, of epaulets, and other soldiers accoutrements. "These—?" I said, looking, almost with horror, at my quiet hostess.

"Yes," she smiled imperturbably; and as we looked into each other's eyes, each knew the meaning of those terrible relics, and each knew the impossibility of touching upon a subject viewed from two such opposite points. To me the fragments of uniforms and equipments meant soldiers massacred on duty; to her they meant a victory over the invading army; but while I was horrified and perturbed, she was serene almost to stolidity.

I picked up Mrs. Lincoln's family photograph-album from the table by way of changing the subject of conversation, and she sat by me to give the names.

"Don't any of your people wear the Indian dress?" I asked, disappointed at the lack of picturesqueness in the dowdy costumes.

"My people can only wear what they can buy at the agency store," she replied, with a touch of acerbity; and I knew that bitter thoughts lurked behind her assertion, which she afterwards explained.

"I kept a store myself," she continued. "My people wished me to. I stocked it with all the things they want, and they bought of me freely the first quarter; but the keeper of the agency store became angry because I took all his trade, and appealed to the agent. When it came pay-day my people were told that no money was coming to them; that they were already in debt to the agency store to the full amount of their allowance. This left no money with which to pay me, and my people were obliged to trade on credit at the agency store, from whose debt they will never be extricated." I afterwards saw her store, which was the better of the two in the settlement, and was indignant at the petty persecution.

"Have you always dressed like this?" I asked of her, glancing at her perfectly-fitting gown of black cloth.

She laughed: "Oh, no."

"In a blanket?" I queried, smiling.

"No; my tribe is a northern one. We wore skins;" and she disappeared for a moment, bringing back with her some beautiful buckskin garments, ornamented with prehistoric designs in fine beadwork. "I wore these," she said, letting her eye rest on them lovingly.

"You would not part with them, I suppose?" I queried, the greed of the collector prompting me.

"No," she said, simply, but conclusively.

"They are hard to get," I said, suggestively. "Why is it?"

"Because," she said, with a resignation tinged with bitterness, "the Indian agent refuses to allow beads to be sold on the reservation. Bead-work is the only industry the women of my people know, but the agent says he can never civilize them while they make this savage beadwork, so now they sit in idleness. I wore these things," she continued, caressing the bead-embroidered garments, "when I was a little girl, and went South with my tribe on the annual hunts. But that was before the country was apportioned, in severalty, and before the wire fences blocked the way."

The next day we took a drive abroad in Mrs. Lincoln's family carriage, driven by a young American cowboy, now her farm overseer, but who in years gone by managed her large cattle interests. The settlement called the Agency consisted of a dozen small houses, two stores, the Eagle Hotel, and the Indian school, which stood afar on the hill. Sprinkled all about were tepees, from which curls of smoke rose sullenly. We stopped in front of one of these, and Mrs. Lincoln held a conversation with a slouching Indian and his wife, who peeped from the tent flap. Not a word of English was spoken nor a smile exchanged. All the European grace of manner with which my hostess addressed me was a thing assumed with the English language and laid aside when she communicated with her tribe.

"Those are my cousins," she remarked to me when we drove away, as though unconscious of the contrast between their savage state and her own extraordinary advancement.

"Whose is that fine house?" I asked, pointing to a commodious residence of brick.

"That is the Indian agent's," she replied, and I saw by the gathering darkness of her face that I was treading on dangerous ground. That the agent is hated by the lazy, stubborn Indians, who resent improvement, counts for nothing, but it is significant that his ways are condemned with equal bitterness by people of the tribe who have reached Mrs. Lincoln's degree of refinement.

"That is my foster-father's house," said our hostess, as the driver stopped the team before a comfortable cottage in this settlement, where white men and Indians live as citizens. We entered the sitting-room, which was for the moment empty. It was not as luxurious as Mrs. Lincoln's own, but showed only the simple furnishings and scant decoration characteristic of the homes of old people. Presently the old chief entered. He was tall, of unmistakable Indian build, square shoulders, short neck, and fine head. Mrs. Lincoln took him affectionately by the hand, and in her own language gently explained to him our presence. He smiled on us benignantly, extending a hand to each in turn, and saying "How do?" but this was all the English he knew, and the conversation was carried on entirely through the interpretation of his foster-daughter.

He had been several times to Washington to represent his tribe before the "Great Father," and there had become converted to the inartistic garments known as civilian dress, which, however, suited him, for he wore his frock coat with elegance and dignity. He was altogether of a heroic type. His leonine head was never meant to bow, nor his fearless eyes to quail. When civilization came upon him, he met it as a conqueror, instead of fleeing before it as lesser men of his tribe had done. During his life, a span of threescore years and ten, he had seen changes in his tribe which the nations of Europe have only accomplished in hundreds of centuries. Having begun childhood as the wildest savage, he was finishing life a cultivated gentleman of progressive thought and altruistic desires.

When we were driven to the Indian school, I begged to be left alone with a troop of youngsters who were romping outside, instead of going in with the others to see the weary children and wearier teachers struggling with the English language and elementary studies. The children in the school-rooms were all heavy and indifferent, but out of doors they were playful and joyous. I sat down on the steps and ten little Indian boys approached me curiously and suspiciously, like the squirrels in a park. Some scarlet carnations on my dress were the winning card, and I held them out suggestively. In a moment I was covered with an avalanche of laughing, struggling children, whose cold, dirty hands at once ruthlessly touched my coat, neck, and face. I turned them off, but those who had not succeeded in gaining a flower came back with extended palms, crying, "Give, give." They picked at my black-headed pins and asked for those, then, with unblushing assurance, begged with clamorous voices and brown hands my watch and every bit of jewelry in sight. They apparently spoke no English but the word give; however, I asked them their names as the ten little boys stood before me in a wriggling row.

"Joshua," said the first; "Joseph," said the second, and "Daniel," the third.

"No, no, no!" I exclaimed in impatience, "Indian name." The little fellows were giving me the unattractive substitutes which were taken from the Bible by the school-teachers, probably as the first step in religious reformation.

"Indian name," I repeated, pointing to the merry little gnome called Joshua. He and all the others looked puzzled and solemn for a moment, grunted an inarticulate syllable or two, then, with a happy smile of illumination, he and all the row filled my ears with the musical sound of the names their mothers called them on the plain and in the tepee, when beaded buckskins clothed their straight limbs and moccasins made their steps soft and light as a coyote's.

After the joy of telling their true names and teaching them to my stumbling tongue, they fell upon me again with a sudden rush. "Name! name!" they cried in emulation of my first request. "Helen," I gravely responded, and each conned the lesson over in gentle murmuring. It was now time to go. The others of my party were approaching. I turned to say good-by to my little troop of entertainers, but they were disappearing at the sight of more strangers. "Good-by," I called. From behind a corner of the building six tousled black heads were peeping. "Good-by, 'El-en," they replied, and scampered away like prairie-dogs.

To a Bicycle.

(With Apologies to Students of Shelley.)
(Hon. M. Cordelia Leigh, in the March Pall Mall Magazine.)

Swiftly spin over the stony way,
Bicycle light!
I rise from my bed at dawn of day,
Where all the vision-harassed night
I wove those dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible—and dear:
Swift be thy flight!

Newest pattern of latest day,
Dearly bought!
Speeding along the Queen's highway,
I ride thee until I am wearied out,
Scour the length and breadth of the land,
With dilated eye and an anxious hand,
Bike long sought.

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I call'd for thee;
When skies were black and the summer gone,
And snow lay heavy on highway and tree,
And thou, my machine, wert laid to rest,
In a cold, bare room, like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

The motor cab man came and cried,
"Wouldst thou me?"
The tram-car driver, anxious-eyed,
Asked, expecting a coming fee,
"Wilt thou sit here by my side?
Wouldst thou me?" And I replied,
"No, not thee!"

New inventions, when I am dead,
Follow soon;
Electric railways, madly led,
Will unborn ages find a boon;
But I ride thee, beloved bike—
Uphill, downhill—swift alike
Eve and noon?

"Do you have mice in your house, Parker?" asked Wicks.

"Yes; lots of 'em," said Parker.

"What on earth do you do for them? I'm bothered to death with them at my house."

"What do I do for 'em?" said Parker. "Why, I do everything for them—provide 'em with a home, plenty to eat, and so forth. What more can they expect?"—Tit-Bits.

DON'T BE MODEST.

THE IDLER THINKS SELF-INFLATION A GREAT ACCOMPLISHMENT.

TOOT YOUR HORN LONG AND LOUDLY

You Can't Be a Whale Unless You Spout Among the Minnows—Ancestral Rabies and Pride of Forefathers.

Modesty and a retiring disposition are two very sweet characteristics to starve on, and people who possess these commendable qualities ofttimes have very nice things said about them—on their tombstones. But in real life the fellow who tooteth not his own horn generally finds himself, sooner or later, the under dog in the fight; and, what is more, the other dog is invariably the canine that gets the bone. In Aesop's fables we read about a frog that undertook to puff himself up as big as a bull, and as a consequence of this self-inflation he "bust"—if I may use this vulgarly expressive word to accurately convey an idea of his fate. But the conditions have changed since the days when Aesop hammered his now obsolete pattern of typewriter, and in our heart of hearts we know that if that frog could be resurrected and have another chance at self-inflation, he would soon have the bull thinking that he was much the bigger quadruped of the two. The public loves so dearly to be bamboozled and swindled, and it gulps at the bait offered by the fellow who isn't accused of modesty, while the shy, timid chap who generally waits out on the curb-stone, has a hard time to so much as get his name in the city directory. And, even if he does get it there, it's printed in small type, while the individual with the cheek is immortalized in letters as big as your hand. For my part, I am tired of being modest, and henceforth I am resolved to lead a better life—to cause folk to believe that I am the only pebble on the beach, and that McKinley and his Cabinet never make a move on the international chess-board without first receiving my views on the subject. If I persist in these views of myself—at present I am peculiarly unique in my opinions—by and by some nonentity will come over to my way of thinking, and then others will follow, until I get to be a colossus whom people will be proud to know. It takes time to grow from nothingness into importance, and I've got to commence at the very bottom, but, sooner or later the little minnows will begin to nibble, and after them will come the big fish.

* * *

At first, I shall only ask the papers to put me as "among those present" at the various functions of our miserably-paved municipality, but later on I shall expect my movements to be closely watched and my visits to neighboring towns to be noted among the personals. Next, I shall demand that my views on important subjects—exempli gratia, whether the Maine was blown up from the outside or inside—be asked, and following that I shall expect to hear that I am "mentioned for the Common Council." As soon as a man is mentioned for public office—even though he does all the "mentioning" himself, then the public begin to prick their ears and prepare to gulp the most alluring bait that is offered them. Doubtless I shall decline to run for the Council (there being no money in it), but I shall not fail to let the world know that I spurned the overtures of my admiring constituents. After that I propose to get mixed up, as instigator, in an investigation of some sort, and, possibly, I may even decline to be interviewed when the reporters call to see me. In declining, however, I shall not lose the opportunity of getting my name in the papers, but shall make mysterious hints and ominous threats without exactly knowing myself at what I am hinting, or what I am threatening. By this time the gullible public—ever eager to take a man at his own estimate, if he places a high value on himself—will whisper about me as I come in church and chunk each other in their short ribs at every movement I make.

They'll say: "There must be something in that fellow, for we are always hearing about him. Where there's so much smoke there must be some fire." A few who know me and take me as my true worth (nothing) will at first be much amused at my aggrandizement, and will drop around, as they say, "to hear me blow," but if I "blow" sufficiently long and loudly they, too, will become convinced. And lastly, when the public acknowledge me as a great man, I'll begin to think so myself, and ere the sun sets on my glory I will be as a spouting whale among a shoal of tadpoles. Tall trees from little acorns grow.

* * *

Ancestral rabies now prevail to an extent equalled only by our thirst for gold. Distinguished—or, rather, notorious—progenitors are as much to be desired as 20 per cent. dividends. Every day we are going into permanent organizations for perpetuating and mobilizing the offspring of by-gone celebrities, or classes of celebrities. Yesterday we heard of the Daughters of Evolution, and to-day it is the Sons of the Thirteenth Century Chaingang, while to-morrow it will be the Society of the Ancient Order of Hod-Carriers. No matter what the ancestor did, provided he is sufficiently ancient and has a name or calling that sounds big and pompous. With these qualifications, he can look down from high Heaven, if he happens to be there, and gaze on thousands who claim to be his scions. He will behold presidents, commanders, regents, vice-regents, moguls, grand high muckahucks, and what not who are gloating in the belief that his blood flows through their veins. Perhaps the ancient gentleman will recall the fact that he wasn't married, and, therefore, isn't legally entitled to representation on earth, but this little bar-sinister incident will not cut any figure with his offspring—that is, supposing the incident is mellowed by the lapse of years. In fact, this species of rabies, which so far is confined entirely to people, and has not yet broken out among canines, requires a quality which is likewise requisite for the good standing of whiskey—to wit., a liberal ingredient of old age. And yet, in the face of all these facts, the lovers of ancient things, and especially of over-ripe royalty, recently received a shock in London which was like unto the concussion from an exploding torpedo. At a sale of curios, three Egyptian mummies (two kings and a queen) only brought $375, although they were 2,100 years old and duly authenticated by properly certified documents. Think of it, ladies and gentlemen. Pause and reflect, O! Daughters of Evolution; stop and cogitate, ye Sons of the Thirteenth Century Chaingang. Hearken unto the tidings, ye members of the Ancient Order of Hod-Carriers. Only $375 for two kings and one queen. Poor as I am, I, myself, have seen the time when I would have given twice that amount for two mere pasteboard kings and one queen. And the same day that this mummified trio were knocked down a poodle dog was sold in the British capital for $1,350, while in Edinburg a copy of Burns's Kilmarnock first edition brought $2,725. So it appears, after all, that taken at their real value, these old-timers don't bring much on the market. No doubt, however, the dried-up Egyptians would have commanded much higher figures had there been organizations called the United Sons of Mummies, or the Daughters of Rameses. Thank goodness, George Washington, who had a knack of doing sensible things, shut off all this monkey business during his life by never having any children.

THE IDLE REPORTER.

The Queen and Her Wounded Soldiers.

(London Times.)

In 1885 the Queen showed her sympathy with her wounded soldiers by paying a special visit to the Netley Hospital to see those who, as a consequence of the Egyptian expedition, were inmates of the surgical wards there. In like manner yesterday her Majesty travelled to Netley to visit and to comfort the men wounded during the operations on the Indian frontier, who are now under treatment. The occasion, with its incidents, was one of many which would serve to explain, if explanation were necessary, why it is that the dignified and gentle lady who stands at the head of the British race is not only respected, but also beloved above all her predecessors on the throne.

In front of the hospital was a guard of honor provided by the Shropshire Regiment, and the band of the same regiment was in attendance to play "God Save the Queen," and to while away the interval of waiting with music. Men of the Royal Fusiliers kept the ground and confined the non-privileged spectators to the lawn outside the parallelogram of gravel in front of the hospital. At the entrance was a crimson-covered platform for her Majesty's convenience in descending from her carriage, flanked on either side by palms and flowers. Here a glittering group of officers in full dress was assembled, for General Davis had made his way to the hospital in time to be there to present Surgeon-Major-General Nash to the Queen, and Mrs. Creagh was there to present a beautiful bouquet, and Surgeon-Major-General Nash presented the chief officers of the medical staff—that is to say, Surgeon-Colonel Notter (Professor of Hygiene), Surgeon-Colonel Stevenson, Brigade - Surgeon - Lieutenant-Colonel Webb, Surgeon-Major Dich, and Surgeon-Major Kelly.

But there was no long delay. The Queen's wheeling-chair had been brought forward in advance. In it she was conducted by her Indian servant to the lift, and on the top floor, where the wounded men are under treatment, she was received by Miss Notman, the lady superintendent. Then began the process of inspection and of visiting the sick, which the Queen went through in the most exact and sympathetic fashion, the staff following her as she went from ward to ward. The results of war were not seen at their worst at Netley yesterday, for the wounded men from the front now in hospital are for the most part convalescent and through the worst of their trouble. Few of them were in bed, and most of them were able to stand by the side of their beds as her Majesty was brought into the wards. When the Queen had left the surgical wards and was inspecting the medical wards on the floor below, there was a rush of young fellows in blue hospital uniform to the windows, and these men, in spite of here and there a bandaged head or an arm in a sling, were obviously on the high road to so much of recovery as their injuries will permit.

In each ward the Queen spent some time, and—upon hearsay only, for the greater number, even of the medical staff, remained outside in the corridor while her Majesty was engaged on her errand of tenderness within—it may be stated that she had a word of comfort and encouragement for every man who had suffered in her cause. All of these save one—Peters of the Seventh Hussars, who got his hurt in Matabeleland—were men from the Indian frontier. Nor was the Queen contended to go through the surgical wards only. Having inspected them, she descended to the medical wards below and spent an appreciable amount of time in each. From beginning to end, she was in the hospital for more than an hour, and when she came out into the light of day again and entered her carriage it was apparent to all spectators that the spectacle of her wounded soldiers had affected her deeply. Then all was over. The national anthem sounded from the band again, the gray horses clattered away, the suite followed, and after the suite the cheering crowd; and in a few minutes the Queen was on her homeward journey.

Kept the Baby Quiet.

(Chicago Post.)

The woman in the lower flat met her at the door of the building, and a minute later the woman who had been out to make a few calls rushed up-stairs to her own apartments.

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter, John?" she demanded as she entered.

"Nothing, my dear," replied her husband, as he looked up at her in surprise. He was on his hands and knees playing horse with the 4-year-old, while the baby sat in the corner, gurgling and laughing.

"Nothing!" she exclaimed. "Nothing!" Do you know that you have knocked a square yard of the plastering from the ceiling of the room below this one?"

"Have I, my dear?" he asked meekly.

"Have you!" she cried. "Of course you have. Further than that, you upset a water-pitcher or something, and a good deal of the paper downstairs is ruined."

"Did I, my dear?"

"Yes, you did," she asserted, "and the neighbors tell me that the racket here has been simply awful; and the worst of it is that you have been responsible."

"I?"

"Yes, you. You needn't try to get out of it. They recognized your voice. They could hear you clear to the corner yelling 'Whoa!' and 'Gee up!' and all that sort of nonsense, and the people downstairs say that you were the one who was galloping up and down the room and jumping over the chairs. They could tell by the way it jarred the house. The children couldn't possibly have made such a racket. What in the world have you been trying to do?"

"My dear," he returned meekly, "do you remember what you said to me when you went out?"

"Distinctly," she replied. "I told you above all things to keep the baby quiet, for there was somebody sick downstairs."

"Well," he said, with the air of a much injured man, "I have kept the baby quiet in the only way possible to me."